

Once One Has Seen God, What is The Remedy?

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Once One Has Seen God, What is The Remedy?

by [amoralagent](#)

Summary

“We make a habit out of murdering and cannibalising people, Hannibal.”

“It’s good to have hobbies.”

They eat charcuterie and talk about their relationship and Will is reminded that Hannibal is quite insane. But that makes two of them.

Notes

Title: Mystic by Sylvia Plath

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“You believe that? With *your* level of self awareness?” Will pressed, accusatory, having been discussing societal beliefs of marriage and romance and Hannibal had said something *just* close enough to imply their relationship was anywhere in the confines of what was considered normal. His initial reverie had quickly sobered into realism: “Mythos and the metaphysical can’t really excuse what we get up to.”

“Abnormal behaviour in an abnormal world makes for normality. The world we live in is ours- it isn’t shaped by other’s criticism.”

His attitude was beginning to piss him off, “It’s not that fucking abstract.” He countered, popping a grape into his mouth.

“Enlighten me.”

When he didn’t give in to sanity after a good dose of staring, Will visibly deflated, “Seriously?” Hannibal blinked at him and he felt enough aggravation to prompt him to sit back in his seat and close his eyes as he pinched the bridge of his nose, trying and immediately failing to keep his sigh quiet, “We make a habit out of murdering and cannibalising people, Hannibal.”

“It’s good to have hobbies.”

“*Hobbies?*” He could’ve choked. Hannibal was still able to surprise him sometimes. He was even more surprised that he could tell he was being serious, “You classify that as a *hobby?*”

“Technically. In the past, it was. It ran parallel to my medical practice. It isn’t strictly professional. That is a hobby.” Will gave him a certain look that conveyed his distaste and honest frustration well enough for Hannibal to crack a smile. Amusement at his frustration more than admittance of the hilarity of the conversation.

“You practically made a career out of it.” Will offered, conversationally, like it was an addendum. It didn’t help how obvious it was that the argument was meant to wind him up.

“I’m a psychiatrist.”

“*Was.* Changed the tense when you decided to come out as the world-renowned cannibalistic serial killer.”

“I could argue the profession lends itself to a personality type—“

“Don’t. They actually did take away your medical license. I *did* check that.” He pointed at him, before leaning over to cut some brie onto a cracker, stamping out his building irritation to match the energy of Hannibal’s weird mood, “Besides, the crimes aren’t minimised by the fact they were committed outside business hours.”

“It’s good to partake in each other’s interests. All the more if it is mutual. That has bonded us.”

“Trauma bonding or capture bonding, do you think?” He was being facetious but it was fun to throw it back- if Hannibal had been less secure in their current relationship, or felt particularly inclined, he would easily be wound up. Sometimes it felt like they were the only people in the world that owned each other’s windup key.

“I would never define our relationship with psychological terms. You’ve never been enamoured by the idea.”

“Loving you often feels like psychosis.” Will shrugged, “I don’t know if I’d want to define it.”

“Yet you cower at my romanticism. Is this a vague way of admitting another regret, Will?” He didn’t even try to sound like he meant it to seem insecure. It was just to annoy him, probably going too far. Will’s look was such a wrathful answer that it genuinely prompted Hannibal to backtrack: “Do you want me to denounce myself as monstrous? Or us both?”

“We’re in it together.”

“But I can’t reflect on our union?”

“Reflect, yeah. Deluded rose-coloured review, no.”

“You consider it delusional for us to be in love with each other?”

Will thought about it, thought it was a stupid question, and decisively said: “Yes.”

Hannibal seemed affectless. Will was thankful he wasn’t feeling sensitive, albeit he was clearly not impressed with the conversation. He then raised his wine glass as a toast: “Folie-à-deux.”

Will actually broke into a laugh, returned the toast, “You don’t mean that.”

“Don’t I?” There was amusement in his eyes still, Will could see it.

“Our relationship isn’t compatible with conventional boundaries. That perception doesn’t make it less— real.”

“I’m aware of that, Will.”

“What is it, then? Why mythicise it? Is it God? Concerns of what he thinks or wants?” Will angled his head, attempted telepathy, as always: “Or whoever it was that invented marriage, what they wanted? Or is it you? Am I not what you prayed for?” Will gestured to himself, now wondering if Hannibal’s glamorisation of him really was a symptomatic issue, going as far as excusing reality. Not that he’d ever spared a care for any kind of moral philosophy. Behaviourism only accounted for so much.

“Myth accounts for the illogical. Love makes fools of us all.” Will considered whether he meant his actions in general or the cannibalistic murder hobby.

Then again, he'd tried to find the mathematics to reverse time for him. Imprisoned himself for years. Let him throw them both off a cliff. Maybe romance isn't dead but it is suffering a gaping head wound.

"Hannibal. Marriage doesn't absolve the fact that we're wanted criminals."

"I'm currently and officially only a wanted man in four countries, Will." Why he'd woken up with such an voracious appetite for witty remarks today, Will didn't know. His good humour was usually a sign something wholly horrific had recently happened.

Will eventually sighed again, resigning himself to lose the debate considering the only effect it was having was a self-induced headache: "You're a wanted man in all countries when I'm with you." He quipped, taking a drink of wine. His mocking smile broke into a sincere one at look Hannibal gave him.

He'd considered the conversation over but Hannibal barely let the matter settle, "Do you believe anyone should hold the power to stop us living as we please?"

Will really wanted to groan in frustration or drop his forehead onto the table if it would mean Hannibal would relent. Thinking of the criminality only made him anxious. Their freedom was as much of a sore spot as it was a relief. He felt like falling off his chair, but he wouldn't let him have the satisfaction. He was too tired for the conversation to take a sharp left turn into morality and the ethics of legal justice, lest he break the spell and actually get angry.

Instead, he squinted at him playfully, ate some more, and reached over for the apricot jam: "Historically, you haven't *let* them stop you. That's kind of my whole point."

"You're hopeful someone in our future can?"

Will hummed, ate another grape as he arranged his plate, "Not really my job anymore."

"Your job title was changed to a cannibalistic serial killer, too?"

"Officially? No." Will shrugged, frowning again, spoke with another grape waiting in his cheek, "I'd say it's more of a state of being than a job description, really."

"What would make it official?"

"Lawful conviction. Or, I don't know, unemployment? I'm still a fisherman." He supposed, watching Hannibal cut a fig in half, "As far as the FBI, or anyone but you, is concerned, I'm not a criminal of any kind." He quirked a brow when Hannibal looked up at him, as if that discrepancy held water in any other capacity than one-upping Hannibal in some sense: "This isn't actually about me, anyway."

"Everything is about you, Will." He meant it so earnestly that Will actually did groan in disgust, threw a grape at him, which, of course, he caught.

"As far as both reason, and the law, we don't deserve this love. *Or* this happiness." Hannibal ate the grape and savoured the taste, no offence in the fine details of his expression for Will to enjoy, "Our relationship was founded on deceit, betrayal, and destruction."

“You don’t consider it mutual?”

“It was very mutual.” He muttered, watching the knife Hannibal was using, “I consider our relationship far beyond convention. It’s absurd. We’re husbands, yeah, but we’re also cannibals. You’re delusional for making it seem even more insane than it already is.”

“Takes one to know one.” Will didn’t roll his eyes but it was a near thing: “Are you still so offended by truths? Is this a matter of self esteem?”

“Maybe. I don’t know. I feel what you feel, you know that.” His voice was low, hurt. He sighed again: “It’s good to reality-check you. The truth of our nature is hard to grasp; harder to justify. Slippery. It doesn’t lend itself to stability.”

Hannibal’s brow furrowed a fraction, trying to glean what underpinned the conversation aside from Will’s argumentative nature: “You don’t find our relationship stable?”

“It never has been, but yes. Weirdly. I’m not insecure. I’m concerned.”

“So, you still deplore about moral or ethical values in regard to our shared behaviour?” Hannibal inclined his head, curious, “I had hoped that your propriety was stripped by the Atlantic. It has been, in practice.”

“No, that’s not it. And you’re being mean.” He pointed it out as if it was inconsequential, “If you really don’t think our shared behaviour should matter to anyone else, that’s short-sighted.” He gave him a certain look mostly reserved for children who know they’re being naughty and getting away with it: “I consider you to be more realistic than that.”

“I’ve never been short-sighted, Will. I’m covetous. I treasure what we have.”

“And why’s that?”

“Because you want to know the reason, or you just want to hear it?”

Hannibal seemed to be easing up, so Will rolled over: “I want to hear it.”

“I love you, Will.”

The look he gave him could’ve cut glass.

“I know you do.” He sighed a little, sat back with his wine in a final decision to give up eating. It was quite like having a dog sometimes, that loyalty and devotion. Only because he wasn’t used to it, it could repel Will sometimes: “Covet all you want. I’m just saying we can’t live in our own little world. Not if this is to be sustained.” As much as he knew Hannibal to be so omniscient, so perfectly in control, he often came back to what Bedelia had said about his self-congratulation. He seemed to be able to feel things in ways that Will would deny himself, even now. In moments of romantic whimsy, and probably in a reflection of Will’s own avoidant nature, it only served to starkly highlight to him the fitting nature of the insanity plea.

“Idealism lends itself to delusion. I don’t disagree.” He could tell it annoyed Hannibal- and Will liked it just as much as he didn’t.

“It’s what you’re used to doing: creating a reality where just the two of us exist.”

“You engage in the same behaviour.” That pulled another sigh from Will, more affectionate, “It is in our nature.”

“I know.”

“Is that not something you want?”

“I want you.” Will had softened, levelled his gaze with Hannibal in such a way that it rendered him mute all of the sudden: “We’re both aware of how the rest of the world becomes noise in the utterance of that. I only deplore that reality will come back to bite us the longer we ignore it.”

Hannibal didn’t say anything else, finished his food politely, watched Will drink the last of his wine whilst looking at him with the same kind of intensity as he did when shot by the Dragon. If he was being honest, Will did enjoy making him upset, joking or otherwise- whether out of some residing strain of righteous sadism, or just because he enjoyed the thrill of Hannibal’s needless anger; enjoyed the threat. He could incite that same kind of passion anyway, with even just a look. But it wasn’t anger.

Eventually, candlelight flickering in his eyes, Hannibal got up to take their plates, even the brief closeness as he did so feeling so charged with energy that Will leant back in his seat away from him. Hannibal, nearly imperceptibly, dithered in the retrieval of the plate, then lingered until Will dared to meet his gaze. The telling rise of Will’s breathing instead of any show of upset was enough to make a smile touch Hannibal’s face, something as loving as it was smug, and it was the last thing Will needed to surge up and grab his face to kiss him. It was a small miracle Hannibal didn’t drop the plates.

End Notes

Having written this based off the idea that Hannibal gets carried away with being so in love it goes into delusion (they're both like that though, Hannibal is just outwardly expressive) and Will has to bring him back down to earth, I actually think this is just a kind of self-therapy about the nature of relationships and being in love, and how that interacts with the real world. Like, the feeling of wanting everything and everyone else to go away. Plus other people not seeing what you see in a person- the whole "really????? this guy?????" etc. Exacerbated with these idiots.

In any case, consider this another one of those fics which is a literary manifestation of me picking them up like dolls and make them talk and kiss each other. It's what we all want. I'm glad to be back to doing it.

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